Rew, euen for Ruth, heere shortly shall be seene,
In remembrance of a weeping Queene, *Exeunt.*

Enter Bullingbrooke, Aumerle, and others.

Bull. Call foorth Bagot. *Enter Bagot.*
Now Bagot, freely speake thy minde,
What thou dost know of noble Glocesters death,
Who wrought it with the King, and who performde
The bloodie office of his timelesse end.
Bagot. Then set before my face the Lord Aumerle.
Bull. Cosin, stand foorth, and looke vpon that man.
Bagot. My Lord Aumerle, I know your daring tongue
Scornes to vnsay what once it hath deliuered:
In that dead time when Glocesters death was plotted,
I heard you say, Is not my arme of length,
That reacheth from the restfull English court
As farre as Callice to mine Vnckles head?
Amongst much other talke, that very time,
I heard you say, that you had rather refuse
The offer of an hundred thousand Crownes,
Then Bullingbrookes returne to England, adding withall,
How blest this land would be in this your Cosins death.
Aum. Princes, and noble Lords,
What answere shall I make to this base man?
Shall I so much dishonour my faire starres,
On equall tearmes to giue him chastisement?
Either I must, or haue mine Honour soyld
With the attainder of his slaunderous lips:
There is my gage, the manuall seale of death,
That markes thee out for Hell: thou liest,
And will maintaine what thou hast sayd, is false,
In thy heart blood, though being all too base
To staine the temper of my knightly Sword.
Bull. Bagot, forbeare, thou shalt not take it vp.
Aum. Excepting one, I would he were the best
In all this presence, that hath mooud me so.
Fitz. If that thy valoure stand on sympathie,
There is my gage Aumerle, in gage to thine;

By

Line 2 In the remembrance — 25 giue them
29 hell: I say thou liest —.